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THE POETS' GALLERY,
FLEET-STREET.

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CATALOGUE
OF THE
SIXTH EXHIBITION
OF
PICTURES,
PAINTED FOR
T. MACKLIN,
BY
THE ARTISTS OF BRITAIN;
ILLUSTRATIVE OF
THE BRITISH POETS,
AND
THE BIBLE.

LONDON:
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SIXTH EXHIBITION

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P I C T U R E S

NON-CLINTON



THE BRITISH POETS

I H B I B I

102007

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all the encouragement that my most fan-
guine hopes could anticipate.

WHILE I express my warm acknowledg-
ments to the Public and my Subscribers I do
not wish to appear forgetful of my obliga-
tion to the Artists of Great Britain. What

ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

ever I have been able to achieve in this way,
it must be remembered that to their zeal and
their exertions I am principally indebted for
It is now six years since I first ventured
on the delicate and hazardous step of ex-
hibiting to the Public and the Critic's eye a
collection of Pictures. I shall not enlarge
upon the difficulty of the undertaking; as
my wish is to express my gratitude, not to
indulge my vanity. It is the strongest proof
that I can adduce of the liberality of my
country, to announce that the subscription
to my Bible is not only complete, but is
decorated with the most august and re-
spected names; and that my Prints illustra-
tive of the Poets have been honoured with

all the encouragement that my most sanguine hopes could anticipate.

WHILE I express my warm acknowledgments to the Public and my Subscribers, I do not wish to appear forgetful of my obligation, to the Artists of Great Britain. Whatever I have been able to atchieve in this way, it must be remembered that to their zeal and their exertions I am principally indebted for the success of my plans. I do not wish to exhibit myself as a patron of the Arts, but I account it a happiness to have lived to see a British School rival whatever of excellence there is in the Ancient Masters, and to have contributed, in some small degree, as an humble, but I trust not unfaithful, steward of the public munificence, to its improvement.

WHATEVER be the theories which may be invented, or the institutions designed for the refinement of taste, there is one means,

and one only, of effectually cultivating the Arts, and that is, by liberally rewarding those who profess them. It is one of my greatest pleasures to have equitably shared my emoluments with the Artists themselves, and to have been an humble instrument in making their country still better acquainted with their respective merits.

To the collection of last season there is now added a series of new pictures, which I flatter myself will not be found unworthy of the company into which they are introduced. Of this, indeed, I will venture to assure my Subscribers and the Public, that although the Subscription to my Bible is now complete, no expence shall be spared in the prosecution of the work; and I firmly expect that the succeeding numbers will improve, rather than the contrary, upon those which have been already produced.

I cannot close this Address without men-

tioning another circumstance, though not strictly connected with the subjects of this exhibition. The pencil is most worthily employed when it serves to give additional splendour to the happiest efforts of the human mind, the labours of the poet or the historian. I could not therefore help esteeming it as a most fortunate event, and a favour for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, to be honoured with the use of a set of drawings from the plays of SHAKESPEARE, presented by HENRY BUNBURY, Esq. to Her Royal Highness the Duchess of YORK. By the high patronage of the illustrious Pair, and under the sanction of a most respectable part of the Nobility and Gentry, I am encouraged to present to the Public a Series of Forty-eight Engravings from these Designs.

THE first and second number of this work are already before the Public, and the remaining ten numbers will be delivered in eighteen months from this time.

A plan of the Proposals, together with those of the Bible and Poets, is annexed to this Catalogue.

THOMAS MACKLIN.

(7)

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those of the Bible and Poets, is annexed to
this Catalogue.

THOMAS MACLELLAN

CATALOGUE.

N^o I.

THE ANCIENT ENGLISH WAKE.

FROM JERNINGHAM'S POEMS.

Painted by W. HAMILTON, Esq. R. A.

- AT length our daring men, to valour true,
- The fiery-tressed Saracens o'erthrew :
- Still dost thou ask what charm, what sacred pow'r,
- Upheld my frame in danger's rudest hour ?
- Behold, behold the wonder-working charm,
- That calm'd my fear in danger's rude alarm :
- This little tomb, that clasps his better part,
- Where sleep the ashes of his spotless heart ;
- This relic, as it touch'd my conscious breast,
- My fainting soul with energy imprest.
- Enough—soon as the flag of truce unfurl'd
- Its softer colour to the Pagan world,
- To England then I urg'd my lonesome way,
- Cloth'd in this pilgrim garb of amice grey :
- Still, as the tenor of my way I kept,
- O'er thee, oh Father ! fond remembrance wept :
- Oft did I say, while tears roll'd down my face
- (And as I spoke I mov'd with quicker pace),
- By Time's devastating hand despoil'd of friends,
- Unspous'd, undaughter'd, my lov'd parent bends.

Nº II.

ADAM'S FIRST SIGHT OF EVE.

FROM MILTON'S PARADISE LOST, BOOK VIII.

Painted by the Rev. W. PETERS.

I wak'd to find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :
When, out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heaven could bestow
To make her amiable ! On she came,
Led by her heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
And guided by his voice ; nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites :
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

Nº III.

THE VESTAL.

FROM GREGORY'S ODE TO MEDITATION.

*Painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, R. A. President of the
Royal Academy.*

Lo, in the injur'd virgin's cause,
Nature suspends her rigid laws ;
By power supreme constrain'd,
The trembling drops forget t' obey
Old Gravitation's potent sway,
And rest on air sustain'd.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS.

FROM SHENSTONE'S POEMS.

Painted by F. WHEATELY, Esq. R. A.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
 Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
 There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
 A matron old, whom we school-mistress name;
 Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame,
 They, griev'd fore, in piteous durance pent,
 Aw'd by the power of this relentless dame,
 And oft-times on vagaries idly bent,
 For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield:
 Her apron dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
 As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
 And in her hand, for scepter, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays; with anxious fear entwin'd,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
 And fury uncontroul'd, and chastisement unkind.

In elbow chair, like that of Scottish stem
 By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defac'd,
 In which, when he receives his diadem,
 Our sovereign prince and lieft liege is plac'd,
 The matron fate; and some with rank she grac'd,
 (The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
 Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd;
 And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
 But love each other dear, whatever them betide,

N° V.

COLLINS'S ODE TO MERCY.

Painted by ARTAUD.

When he, whom even our joys provoke,
 The fiend of nature, join'd his yoke,
 And rush'd in wrath to make our isle his prey;
 Thy form, from out thy sweet abode,
 O'ertook him on his blasted road,
 And stopt his wheels, and look'd his rage away.
 I see recoil his fable steeds,
 That bore him swift to savage deeds:
 Thy tender melting eyes they own,
 O Maid, for all thy love to Britain shown,
 Where Justice bars her iron tower,
 To thee we build a roseate bower;
 Thou, thou shalt rule our queen, and share a monarch's
 throne.

N° VI.

GRAY'S ODE TO SPRING.

Painted by MARIA COSWAY.

Lo! where the rosy bosom'd Hours,
 Fair Venus' train, appear,
 Disclose the long-expecting flowers,
 And wake the purple year!

The attic warbler pours her throat,
 Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
 'The untaught harmony of Spring:
 While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
 Cool zephyrs through the clear blue sky
 Their gather'd fragrance fling.

N^o VII.

MILTON'S COMUS.

Painted by MARTIN.

Com. She fables not; I feel that I do fear
 Her words, set off by some superior power;
 And though not mortal, yet a cold shuddering dew
 Dips me all o'er, as when the wrath of Jove
 Speaks thunder, and the chains of Erebus
 To some of Saturn's crew. I must dissemble,
 And try her yet more strongly. Come, no more,
 This is mere moral babble, and direct
 Against the canon laws of our foundation:
 I must not suffer this; yet 'tis but the lees
 And settlings of a melancholy blood:
 But this will cure all straight, one sip of this
 Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
 Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

[*The brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass
 out of his hand, and break it against the ground: his rout
 make sign of resistance, but are all driven in.*]

N° VIII.

PRINCE ARTHUR'S VISION.

FROM SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE.

Painted by FUSELI.

For, wearied with my sportes, I did alight
From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd:
The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd:
Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
Me seemed, by my side a royall mayd
Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day,

N° IX.

GOLDSMITH'S DESERTED VILLAGE.

Painted by F. WHEATELY, Esq. R. A.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles every pleasure past,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their last,
And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main;
And, shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep.

The good old fire the first prepar'd to go
 To new-found worlds, and wept for other's woe;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for her father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blest the cot where every pleasure rose;
 And kiss her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
 And clasp't them close, in sorrow doubly dear;
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

N° X.

GRAY'S ELEGY.

Painted by HAMILTON, R. A.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
 If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
 ' Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 ' Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 ' To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

- ' There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 ' That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 ' His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 ' And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
 ' Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
 ' Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
 ' Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 ' One morn I miss'd him on th' accustom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
 ' Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:
 ' The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 ' Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne.
 ' Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 ' Grav'd on his stone, beneath yon aged thorn.

N° XI.

QUEEN KATHARINE'S DREAM.

FROM SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY VIII.

Painted by FUSELI.

KATH. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone,
 And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

GRIF. Madam, we are here.

KATH. It is not you I call for:
 Saw you none enter since I slept?

GRIF. None, madam.

KATH. No! Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall
Affuredly.

GRIF. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy,

N° XII.

AMYNTOR AND THEODORA.

FROM MALLET.

Painted by STOTHARD.

Slow as they mov'd, behold, amid the train,
On either side supported, onward came,
Pale, and of piteous look, a pensive maid;
As one by wasting sickness fore assail'd,
Or plung'd in grief profound.—Oh, all ye powers!
Amyntor startling cry'd, and shot his soul
In rapid glance before him on her face.
Illusion! no—it cannot be. My blood
Runs chill: my feet are rooted here—and see!
To mock, my hopes, it wears her gracious form.

N° XIII.

PALAMON AND ARCITE.

FROM CHAUCER, MODERNIZED BY DRYDEN.

Painted by W. HAMILTON, Esq. R. A.

Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
Nor promis'd I thy prisoner to remain:
The love of liberty with life is given,
And life itself th' inferior gift of Heaven.
Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
Then give me death, since I thy life pursue,
For safeguard of thyself; death is my due.
More wouldst thou know? I love bright Emily;
And for her sake, and in her fight, will die.

N° XIV.

THE DEATH OF ARCITE.

FROM CHAUCER, MODERNIZED BY DRYDEN.

Painted by W. HAMILTON, Esq. R. A.

For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
Truth, honour, all that is compris'd in good;
So help me Heaven, in all the world is none
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
He loves you too with such an holy fire,
As will not, cannot, but with life expire:

Our vow'd affections both have often try'd;
 Nor any love but yours could ours divide,
 Then, by my love's inviolable band,
 By my long suffering, and my short command,
 If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
 Have pity on the faithful Palamon.

N° XV.

THE GOLDFINCHES.

BY JAGO.—FROM DODSLEY'S POEMS, VOL. IV.

Painted by RAMBERG.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye!
 What equal fondness dealt th' allotted food!
 What joy each other's likeness to descry,
 And future sonnets in the chirping brood!

But, ah, what earthly happiness can last!
 How does the fairest purpose often fail?
 A truant school-boy's wantonness could blast
 Their rising hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he;
 No gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart:
 With concords false, and hideous profody,
 He scrawl'd his task, and blunder'd o'er his part.

On barbarous plunder bent, with savage eye
 He mark'd where wrapt in down the younglings lay;
 Then rushing seiz'd the wretched family,
 And bore them in his impious hands away,

N^o XVI.

THE FREEING OF AMORET BY
BRITOMARTES.

FROM SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE, BOOK III.

Painted by J. OPIE, Esq. R. A.

And, rising up, gan streight to overlooke
Those curfed leaves, his charmes back to reverse :
Full dreadfull things out of that balefull booke
He red, and measur'd many a sad verse,
That horreur gan the virgin's hart to perse,
And her faire locks up stared stiffe on end,
Hearing him those same bloody lynes reherse;
And all the while he red she did extend
Her sword high over him, if ought he did offend.

N^o XVII.

SANS-LOY KILLING THE LION.

FROM SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE, CANTO III.

Painted by R. COSWAY, Esq. R. A.

But her fierce servant, full of kingly awe
And high disdain, when as his soverain dame
So rudely handled by that foe he saw,
With gaping jaws full greedy at him came;
And, ramping on his shield, did ween the same
Have reft away with his sharp-rending claws:
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His courage more, that from his griping paws
He hath his sheild redeem'd, and forth his sword he draws.

N° XVIII.

THE HERMIT.

FROM PARNELL.

Painted by NIXON.

A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
 Was nice to find; the servant trod before:
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
 And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
 The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to fin,
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in:
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
 Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
 ' Detested wretch !'—But scarce his speech began,
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal burst upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

N° XIX.

CONSTANTIA.

FROM CHAUCER, MODERNIZED BY BROOK.

Painted by RIGAUD, *R. A.*

Nor yet he ended—when, with troubled mien,
Quick at his knees low bow'd Britannia's queen.
' Not so; not so; my father,' loud she cried,
' See here thy child, thy daughter, at thy side;
' Why look you thus, with wild and piercing eye?
' 'Tis I, long lost—my father—it is I!
' Constantia,—who thro' many a death survives,
' And yet to see her king and fire arrives.'
' —Yes, yes, you are my child—these accents tell—'
He could no more; but on her neck he fell.

N° XX.

AMORET RAPT BY GREEDIE LUST.

FROM SPENSER'S FAERIE QUEENE, BOOK IV.

Painted by MARTIN.

The whiles fair Amoret, of nought affeard,
Walkt through the wood, for pleasure or for need;
When suddenly behind her backe she heard
One rushing forth out of the thickest weed,

That, ere she backe could turn to taken heed,
 Had unawares her snatched up from ground.
 Feebly she shriekt, but so feebly indeed,
 That Britomart heard not the shrilling sound,
 Here, where through weary travel she lay sleeping sound.
 It was to weet a wilde and salvage man,
 Yet was no man, but onely like in shape,
 And eke in stature higher by a span,
 All overgrowne with haire, that could awhape
 An hardy hart; and his wide mouth did gape
 With huge great teeth, like to a tusked bore:
 For he lived all on ravin and on rape
 Of men and beasts; and fed on fleshly gore,
 The signe whereof yet stain'd his bloody lips afore.

N° XXI.

THE COTTAGERS.

FROM THOMSON'S AUTUMN.

*Painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS, R. A. President of the
 Royal Academy.*

Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
 In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
 When Heaven descends in showers, or bends the bough,
 When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
 Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
 Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
 These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
 Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;

Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
 And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
 Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
 Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
 Nor ought besides of prospect, grove, or song,
 Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
 Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
 Unfully'd beauty; sound unbroken youth,
 Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
 Health ever blooming; unambitious toil.

N^o XXII.

SOLOMON REJECTED.

FROM PRIOR, BOOK II.

Painted by STOTHARD.

I said; and sudden from the golden throne,
 With a submissive step, I hasted down.
 The glowing garland from my hair I took,
 Love in my heart, obedience in my look;
 Prepar'd to place it on her comely head;
 ' O, favoured virgin,' yet again I said,
 ' Receive the honours destin'd to thy brow;
 ' And, O, above thy fellows, happy thou!
 ' Their duty must thy sov'reign word obey;
 ' Rise up, my love!—My fair one, come away!
 What pang, alas, what ecstasy of smart,
 Tore up my senses, and transfix'd my heart,
 When she with modest scorn the wreath return'd,
 Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward mourn'd!

N° XXIII.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

FROM DRYDEN.

Painted by ARTAUD.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep afunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head:
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around.
 • Revenge, revenge !' Timotheus cries ;
 See the furies arise,
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
 And unbury'd remain,
 Inglorious on the plain.
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods !
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
 And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy.

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

N° XXIV.

THE DEATH-BED OF THE JUST.

FROM YOUNG'S NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Painted by the Rev. W. PETERS, R.A.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane ! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance
That threw in this Bethesda your disease:
If unrestored by this, despair your cure.
For here resistless demonstration dwells ;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd dissimulation drops her mask,
Through life's grimace that mistress of the scene.
Here, real and apparent are the same.
You see the man ; you see his hold on Heaven ;
If sound his virtue, as Philander's sound,
Heaven waits not the last moment ; owns her friends
On this side death ; and points them out to men,
A lecture, silent, but of sovereign power.
To vice, confusion ; and to virtue, peace.

N° XXV.

M A R I A N.

FROM GAY'S PASTORALS.

Painted by H. BUNBURY, Esq.

Last Friday's eve, when, as the sun was set,
I, near yon stile, three fallow gipsies met;
Upon my hand they cast a poring look,
Bid me beware; and thrice their heads they shook:
They said, that many crosses I must prove,
Some in my worldly gain, but most in love.
Next morn I miss'd three hens and our old cock,
And off the hedge two pinner and a smock;
I bore these losses with a Christian mind,
And no mishaps could feel while thou wert kind.
But since, alas! I grew my Colin's scorn,
I've known no pleasure, night, or noon, or morn,
Help me, ye gipsies, bring him home again,
And to a constant lass give back her swain.

N° XXVI.

THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

(Found in the Trap where he had been confined all Night.)

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

Painted by H. BUNBURY, Esq.

Oh, hear a penfive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against a wretch's cries!

For here forlorn and sad I sit
 Within the wiry grate ;
 And tremble at the approaching morn,
 Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
 And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
 Let not thy strong oppressive force
 A free-born mouse detain.

Oh, do not stain with guiltless blood
 Thy hospitable hearth ;
 Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
 A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
 My frugal meals supply ;
 But, if thine unrelenting heart
 That slender boon deny,

The cheerful light, the vital air,
 Are blessings widely given ;
 Let Nature's commoners enjoy
 The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
 To all compassion gives ;
 Casts round the world an equal eye,
 And feels for all that lives.

If mind, as ancient sages taught,
 A never dying flame,
 Still shifts thro' matter's varying forms,
 In every form the same ;

Beware, lest in the worm you crush
 A brother's soul you find;
 And tremble, lest thy luckless hand
 Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or, if this transient gleam of day
 Be all of life we share,
 Let pity plead within thy breast
 That little all to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
 With health and peace be crown'd;
 And every charm of heartfelt ease
 Beneath thy roof be found.

So, when destruction lurks unseen,
 Which men like mice may share,
 May some kind angel clear thy path,
 And break the hidden snare.

N° XXVII.

L O D O N A.

FROM POPE'S WINDSOR FOREST.

Painted by MARIA COSWAY.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)

Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd, as, eager of the chase, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and, burning with desire,
 Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
 As from the god she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the god, more furious, urg'd the chase.
 Now, fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now, close behind, his founding step she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath with sultry air
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on Father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 Ah, Cynthia, ah!—tho' banish'd from thy train,
 Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 My native shades—there weep, and murmur there,
 She said, and, melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.

N^o XXVIII.

THE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG.

FROM COWPER'S TASK, BOOK V.

Painted by BARKER, of Bath.

Forth goes the woodman, leaving unconcern'd
 The cheerful haunts of man: to wield the axe
 And drive the wedge in yonder forest drear,
 From morn to eve his solitary task.
 Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears
 And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
 His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
 Now creeps he slow; and now, with many a frisk
 Wide-scamp'ring, snatches up the drifted snow
 With iv'ry teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
 Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
 Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
 Moves right toward the mark; nor stops for aught,
 But, now and then, with pressure of his thumb,
 T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
 That fumes beneath his nose: the trailing cloud
 Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

Nº XXIX.*

HENRY AND EMMA.

FROM PRIOR.

Painted by J. OPIE, Esq. R. A.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves:
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire, or emulate his song:
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear;
Lest any careless found offend her ear.

Nº XXX.*

DAMON AND MUSIDORA.

FROM THOMSON'S SUMMER.

Painted by J. OPIE, Esq. R. A.

Thrice happy swain!

A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate
Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Musidora sought:
Warm in her cheek the sultry season glow'd;
And, rob'd in loose array, she came to bathe

Her fervent limbs in the refreshing stream.
 What shall he do? In sweet confusion lost,
 And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
 A pure ingenuous elegance of soul,
 A delicate refinement, known to few,
 Perplex'd his breast, and urg'd him to retire:
 But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, say,
 Say, ye severest, what would you have done?
 Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever blest
 Arcadian stream, with timid eye around
 The banks surveying, stripp'd her beauteous limbs,
 To taste the lucid coolness of the flood.

N° XXXI.*

THE TEMPEST.

FROM SHAKESPEARE,—ACT. I. SCENE I.

Painted by P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R. A.

MIRA. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
 With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
 Who had no doubt some noble creature in her,
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The freighting souls within her.

SACRED SUBJECTS.

N° XXIX.

THE DELUGE.

GENESIS VII. 11, 12.

Painted by P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, Esq. R. A.

IN the six hundredth year of Noah's life, in the second month, the seventeenth day of the month, the same day were all the fountains of the great deep broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened.

And the rain was upon the earth forty days and forty nights.

N° XXX.

NOAH'S SACRIFICE.

GENESIS VIII. 18—20.

Painted by P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, Esq. R. A.

And Noah went forth, and his sons, and his wife, and his sons' wives, with him:

Every beast, every creeping thing, and every fowl, *and* whatsoever creepeth upon the earth, after their kinds, went forth out of the ark.

And Noah builded an altar unto the LORD, and took of every clean beast, and of every clean fowl, and offered burnt offerings on the altar.

N° XXXI.

JACOB'S FIRST SIGHT OF RACHEL.

GENESIS XXIX. 4—6.

Painted by WILLIAM HAMILTON, *Esq. R. A.*

And Jacob said unto them, My brethren, whence *be* ye?
And they said, Of Haran *are* we.

And he said unto them, Know ye Laban the son of Nahor? And they said, We know *him*.

And he said unto them, *Is* he well? And they said, *He* is well: and behold Rachel his daughter cometh with the sheep.

N° XXXII.

JACOB'S DREAM.

GENESIS XXVIII. 10—12.

Painted by STOTHARD.

And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.

And he lighted upon a certain place, and tarried there all night, because the sun was set: and he took of the

stones of that place, and put *them* for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven: and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

N° XXXIII.

MOSES MEETING HIS WIFE AND SONS.

EXODUS XVIII. 5—7.

Painted by ARTAUD.

And Jethro, Moses' father-in-law, came with his sons, and his wife, unto Moses in the wilderness, where he encamped at the mount of God.

And he said unto Moses, I thy father-in-law Jethro am come unto thee, and thy wife, and her two sons with her.

And Moses went out to meet his father-in-law, and did obeisance, and kissed him: and they asked each other of *their* welfare; and they came into the tent.

N° XXXIV.

JOHN PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS.

MATTHEW III. 1, 2.

Painted by STOTHARD.

In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea,

And saying, Repent ye; for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

N° XXXV.

CHRIST APPEASING THE STORM.

MATTHEW VIII. 23—26.

Painted by P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, Esq. R. A.

And, when he was entered into a ship, his disciples followed him.

And behold there arose a great tempest in the sea, in-
somuch that the ship was covered with the waves: but he
was asleep.

And his disciples came to *him*, and awoke him, saying,
Lord, save us; we perish.

And he saith unto them, Why are ye fearful, O ye of
little faith? Then he arose, and rebuked the winds and
the sea; and there was a great calm.

N° XXXVI.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN.

MATTHEW XXVI. 42.

Painted by RICHARD COSWAY, Esq. R. A.

He went away again the second time, and prayed, say-
ing, O my Father, if this cup may not pass away from me,
except I drink it, thy will be done.

N° XXXVII.

THE MARYS GOING TO THE SEPULCHRE.

MARK XVI. 2—6.

Painted by SMIRK.

And very early in the morning, the first *day* of the week, they came unto the sepulchre at the rising of the sun.

And they said among themselves, Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre ?

And, when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away; for it was very great.

And, entering into the sepulchre, they saw a young man sitting on the right side, clothed in a long white garment; and they were affrighted.

And he saith unto them, Be not affrighted: ye seek Jesus of Nazareth, which was crucified: he is risen; he is not here: behold the place where they laid him.

N° XXXVIII.

THE ANGEL FREEING THE APOSTLES.

ACTS V. 17—20.

Painted by KIRK.

Then the high priest rose up, and all they that were with him, (which is the sect of the Sadducees,) and were filled with indignation,

And laid their hands on the apostles, and put them in the common prison.

But the angel of the Lord by night opened the prison doors, and brought them forth, and said,

Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life.

N° XXXIX.

ABIGAIL BEFORE DAVID.

I SAMUEL XXV. 23, 24.

Painted by W. HAMILTON, *Esq. R. A.*

And, when Abigail saw David, she hastened, and lighted off the ass, and fell before David on her face, and bowed herself to the ground,

And fell at his feet, and said, Upon me, my lord, *upon me let this iniquity be*: and let thine handmaid, I pray thee, speak in thine audience; and hear the words of thine handmaid.

N° XL.

THE DEVIL LEAVING CHRIST.

MATTHEW IV. 10, 11.

Painted by BOURGEOIS.

Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan: for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.

Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.

N° XLI.

THE DEPARTURE OF HAGAR.

GENESIS XXI. 14.

Painted by W. HAMILTON, Esq. R. A.

And Abraham rose up early in the morning, and took bread, and a bottle of water, and gave *it* unto Hagar, (putting *it* on her shoulder,) and the child, and sent her away: and she departed, and wandered in the wilderness of Beer-sheba.

N° XLII.

THE SACRIFICE OF JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

JUDGES XI. 39, 40.

Painted by J. OPIE, Esq. R. A.

And it came to pass, at the end of two months, that she returned unto her father, who did with her *according* to his vow which he had vowed: and she knew no man. And it was a custom in Israel, *that* the daughters of Israel went yearly to lament the daughter of Jephthah the Gileadite four days in a year.

N° XLIII.

NATHAN'S PARABLE.

2 SAMUEL XII. 1—4.

Painted by PAYE.

And the LORD sent Nathan unto David : and he came unto him, and said unto him, There were two men in one city ; the one rich, and the other poor.

The rich *man* had exceeding many flocks and herds :

But the poor *man* had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had bought, and nourished up ; and it grew up together with him, and with his children : it did eat of his own meat, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom, and was unto him as a daughter.

And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock, and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him ; but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come to him.

N° XLIV.

THE ANGEL DESTROYING THE
ASSYRIAN CAMP.

2 KINGS XIX. 35.

Painted by P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, *Esq. R. A.*

And it came to pass that night that the angel of the LORD went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians

an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and, when they arose early the next morning, behold, they *were* all dead corpses.

N° XLV.

THE ASCENT OF ELIJAH.

2 KINGS II. 10, 11.

Painted by P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, Esq. R. A.

And he said, Thou hast asked a hard thing: *nevertheless*, if thou see me *when I am* taken from thee, it shall be so unto thee; but, if not, it shall not be *so*.

And it came to pass, as they still went on and talked, that, behold, *there appeared* a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder: and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven.

N° XLVI.

THE PRESENTATION IN THE TEMPLE.

LUKE II. 22—28.

Painted by J. OPIE, Esq. R. A.

And when the days of her purification, according to the law of Moses, were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem, to present *him* to the Lord;

And to offer a sacrifice according to that which is said in the law of the Lord, A pair of turtle-doves, or two young pigeons.

And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name *was* Simeon; and the same man *was* just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: and the Holy Ghost was upon him.

And it was revealed unto him, by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death before he had seen the Lord's Christ.

And he came by the Spirit into the temple: and, when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law,

Then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God.

N° XLVII.

THE RAISING OF JAIRUS'S DAUGHTER.

MARK V. 41, 42.

Painted by HOPNER.

And he took the damsel by the hand, and said unto her, Talitha cumi; which is, being interpreted, Damsel, I say unto thee, arise.

And straightway the damsel arose, and walked; for she was of *the age* of twelve years. And they were astonished with a great astonishment.

N° XLVIII.

THE SHIPWRECK OF ST. PAUL.

ACTS XXVII. 43, 44.

Painted by P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, Esq. R. A.

But the centurion, willing to save Paul, kept them from their purpose, and commanded that they which could swim should cast *themselves* first into the sea, and get to land;

And the rest, some on boards, and some on *broken* pieces of the ship. And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land.

N° XLIX.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

EXODUS II. 7—9.

Painted by W. HAMILTON, Esq. R. A.

Then said his sister to Pharaoh's daughter, Shall I go and call to thee a nurse of the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for thee?

And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, Go. And the maid went, and called the child's mother.

And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, Take this child away, and nurse it for me, and I will give *thee* thy wages. And the woman took the child, and nursed it.

N° L.

THE WOMAN ACCUSED OF ADULTERY.

JOHN VIII. 7—9.

Painted by ARTAUD.

So, when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself, and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.

And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground.

And they which heard *it*, being convicted by *their own* conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, *even* unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst.

N° LI.

ST. JOHN.

LUKE III. 4.

Painted by B. WEST, Esq. R. A.

As it is written in the book of the words of Esaias the prophet, saying, The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

N° LII.

M O S E S.

ACTS VII. 37.

Painted by B. WEST, Esq. R. A.

This is that Moses which said unto the children of Israel, A Prophet shall the Lord your God raise up unto you of your brethren, like unto me: him shall ye hear.

N° LIII.

OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.

MARK IX. 36, 37.

Painted by B. WEST, Esq. R. A.

And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them: and, when he had taken him in his arms, he said unto them,

Whosoever shall receive one of such children in my name, receiveth me: and whosoever shall receive me, receiveth not me, but him that sent me.

N° LIV.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

LUKE IX. 29—32.

Painted by SMIRK.

And, as he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistering.

And, behold, there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias;

Who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease, which he should accomplish at Jerusalem.

But Peter, and they that were with him, were heavy with sleep: and when they were awake they saw his glory, and the two men that stood with him.

N^o LV.

JUDITH ATTIRING.

JUDITH X. 1—4.

Painted by J. OPIE, R. A.

Now after that she had ceased to cry unto the God of Israel, and had made an end of all these words,

She rose where she had fallen down, and called her maid, and went down into the house, in the which she abode in the sabbath days, and in her feast days,

And pulled off the sackcloth which she had on, and put off the garments of her widowhood, and washed her body all over with water, and anointed herself with precious ointment, and braided the hair of her head, and put on a tire upon it, and put on her garments of gladness, wherewith she was clad during the life of Manasses her husband.

And she took sandals upon her feet, and put about her her bracelets, and her chains, and her rings, and her earrings, and all her ornaments, and decked herself bravely, to allure the eyes of all men that should see her.

N° LVI.

LOST SHEEP.

LUKE XV. 3—6.

Painted by STOTHARD.

And he spake this parable unto them, saying,

What man of you, having an hundred sheep, if ye lose one of them, doth not leave the ninety and nine in the wilderness, and go after that which is lost, until he find it?

And when he hath found *it*, he layeth *it* on his shoulders, rejoicing.

And when he cometh home, he calleth together *his* friends and neighbours, saying unto them, Rejoice with me; for I have found my sheep which was lost.

N° LVII.

CHRIST AND THE WOMAN OF SAMARIA.

JOHN IV. 6, 7, 8, 27.

Painted by W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with *his* journey, sat thus on the well: *and* it was about the sixth hour.

There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink.

(For his disciples were gone away unto the city to buy meat.)

And upon this came his disciples, and marvelled that he talked with the woman: yet no man said, What seekest thou? or, Why talkest thou with her?

N° LVIII.

THE LORD OF THE VINEYARD.

MATTHEW XX. 8—12.

Painted by J. OPIE, R. A.

So when even was come, the lord of the vineyard saith unto his steward, Call the labourers, and give them *their* hire, beginning from the last unto the first.

And when they came that *were hired* about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny.

But when the first came, they supposed that they should have received more; and they likewise received every man a penny.

And when they had received *it*, they murmured against the goodman of the house,

Saying, These last have wrought *but* one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.

N° LIX.

THE ANGEL BINDING SATAN.

REVELATION XX. 1—3.

Painted by J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R. A.

And I saw an angel come down from heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit and a great chain in his hand.

And he laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years,

And cast him into the bottomless pit, and shut him up, and set a seal upon him, that he should deceive the nations no more, till the thousand years should be fulfilled: and after that he must be loosed a little season.

Nº LX.

ESTHER ACCUSING HAMAN.

ESTHER VII. 4—6.

Painted by W. HAMILTON, R. A.

For we are sold, I and my people, to be destroyed, to be slain, and to perish. But if we had been sold for bondmen and bondwomen, I had held my tongue, although the enemy could not countervail the king's damage.

Then the king Ahasuerus answered and said unto Esther the queen, Who is he, and where is he, that durst presume in his heart to do so?

And Esther said, The adversary and enemy is this wicked Haman. Then Haman was afraid before the king and the queen.

N° LXI.

THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

LUKE II. 15—17.

Painted by WESTALL.

And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Beth-lehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

And when they had seen *it*, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

N° LXII.

RUTH GLEANING.

RUTH II. 5—8.

Painted by STOTHARD.

Then said Boaz unto his servant that was set over the reapers, Whose damsel *is* this?

And the servant that was set over the reapers answered, and said, It *is* the Moabitish damsel that came back with Naomi out of the country of Moab:

And she said, I pray you, let me glean and gather after the reapers among the sheaves: so she came, and hath continued even from the morning until now, that she tarried a little in the house.

Then said Boaz unto Ruth, Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens.

N° LXIII.

MANOAH'S SACRIFICE.

JUDGES XIII. 19, 20.

Painted by W. HAMILTON, R. A.

So Manoah took a kid with a meat-offering, and offered *it* upon a rock unto the Lord: and *the angel* did wonderously; and Manoah and his wife looked on.

For it came to pass, when the flame went up toward heaven from off the altar, that the angel of the Lord ascended in the flame of the altar. And Manoah and his wife looked on *it*, and fell on their faces to the ground.

N° LXIV.

BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST.

DANIEL V. 4—6.

Painted by ARTAUD.

They drank wine, and praised the gods of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone.

In the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote over against the candlestick upon the plaister

of the wall of the king's palace: and the king saw the part of the hand that wrote.

Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against another.

Nº LXV.

THE DEPARTURE OF LOT AND HIS FAMILY.

GENESIS XIX. 15—17.

Painted by TRESHAM.

And when the morning arose, then the angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife, and thy two daughters, which are here; lest thou be consumed in the iniquity of the city.

And while he lingered, the men laid hold upon his hand, and upon the hand of his wife, and upon the hand of his two daughters; the Lord being merciful unto him: and they brought him forth, and set him without the city.

And it came to pass, when they had brought them forth abroad, that he said, Escape for thy life; look not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plain; escape to the mountain, lest thou be consumed,

N° LXVI.

SAUL PRESENTING HIS DAUGHTER,
MERAB TO DAVID.

I SAMUEL XVIII. 17, 18.

Printed by WOODFORD.

And Saul said to David, Behold, my elder daughter Merab, her will I give thee to wife: only be thou valiant for me, and fight the Lord's battles. For Saul said, Let not mine hand be upon him, but let the hand of the Philistines be upon him.

And David said unto Saul, Who *am* I? and what is my life, or my father's family in Israel, that I should be son-in-law to the king?

N° LXVII.

THE GIVING OF THE LAW.

EXODUS XIX. 16—19.

Painted by P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R. A.

And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud; so that all the people that *was* in the camp trembled,

And Moses brought forth the people out of the camp to meet with God; and they stood at the nether part of the mount.

And mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire: and the smoke thereof ascended as the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mount quaked greatly.

And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice.

Nº LXVIII.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

LUKE XXI. 1, 2, 3.

Painted by ARTAUD.

And he looked up, and saw the rich men casting their gifts into the treasury.

And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites.

And he said, Of a truth I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast in more than they all.

N° LXIX.

PETER DENYING CHRIST.

MARK XIV. 68, 69, 70.

Painted by W. HAMILTON, R. A.

But he denied, saying, I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest. And he went out into the porch; and the cock crew.

And a maid saw him again, and began to say to them that stood by, This is *one* of them.

And he denied it again. And a little after, they that stood by said again to Peter, Surely thou art *one* of them: for thou art a Galilean, and thy speech agreeth *thereto*.

N° LXX.

TOBIT RELIEVING HIS FATHER'S EYES.

TOBIT XI. 10, 11, 12, 13.

Painted by ANGELICA KAUFFMAN.

Tobit also went forth toward the door, and stumbled: but his son ran unto him,

And took hold of his father: and he strake of the gall on his father's eyes, saying, Be of good hope, my father.

And when his eyes began to smart, he rubbed them;

And the whiteness pilled away from the corners of his eyes: and when he saw his son, he fell upon his neck.

N° LXXI.

THE DESTRUCTION OF PHARAOH'S HOST.

EXODUS XIV. 26, 27, 28.

Painted by P. J. DE LOUTHERBOURG, R. A.

And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen.

And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared; and the Egyptians fled against it; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea.

And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, *and* all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them; there remained not so much as one of them.

N° LXXII.

THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

ACTS IX. 3, 4, 5, 6.

Painted by Sir FRANCIS BOURGEOIS.

And as he journeyed, he came near Damascus; and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven:

And he fell to the earth, and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?

And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. *It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks.*

And he trembling and astonished said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? And the Lord said unto him, Arise, and go into the city, and it shall be told thee what thou must do.

N° LXXIII.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

LUKE I. 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.

Painted by W. HAMILTON, R. A.

And in the sixth month the angel Gabriel was sent from God unto a city of Galilee, named Nazareth,

To a virgin espoused to a man, whose name was Joseph, of the house of David; and the virgin's name was Mary.

And the angel came in unto her, and said, Hail, *thou that art* highly favoured, the Lord is with thee: blessed art thou among women.

And when she saw *him* she was troubled at his saying, and cast in her mind what manner of salutation this should be.

And the angel said unto her, Fear not, Mary: for thou hast found favour with God.

PROPOSALS

FOR

MACKLIN'S BIBLE;

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION,

TO HIS MAJESTY.

I.

SIXTY PICTURES shall be painted, from the most interesting passages, by the first artists; and engraved by Mr. BARTOLOZZI, Mr. SHARPE, Mr. HALL, Mr. HEATH, Mr. BYRNE, &c. &c.

II.

THE work will be published, as nearly as can be computed, in sixty numbers, making three magnificent volumes. Each number to contain one capital historical print. The size twelve inches by ten.

III.

EVERY book will be enriched with Vignettes, as head and tail pieces, exclusive of the large prints.

IV.

SUBSCRIBERS to pay One Guinea as a security for completing their set, for which a receipt will be given by the proprietor. The receipt may be transferred, and the holder entitled to its advantages according as it stands in the list.

V.

No proofs will be taken off the plates, the proprietor being determined that the subscribers shall have them in the order they are subscribed for.

VI.

THE price to subscribers will be Fifteen Shillings each number; to be paid on delivery.

VII.

ONE number will be published every month, till the work is completed.

VIII.

THE names of subscribers will be printed to bind with the work.

IX.

A Volume of Notes, by the most learned men of the age, will be published, as a supplement. The subscribers will be at liberty to receive or reject this volume, as it may or may not meet their approbation: the price will be announced as soon as possible.

X.

THE work will be executed on a Type cast, and a Paper manufactured, on purpose; and the whole finished in the same style of elegance with the three first numbers, which are already published.

☞ *Those who wish to become subscribers are requested to recollect that the proprietor has given up every advantage arising from proof impressions; consequently early subscribers will be in possession of those prints which would constitute the proofs, and every subscriber indiscriminately sure of fine impressions.*

By the liberal assistance which he is promised from the first artists, and his own determination that no expense or pains shall be wanting, he feels himself emboldened to assure the public, that this publication will, in every part of it, be the most perfect and magnificent ever yet offered to the public in any country.

He cannot help observing, that it will cost him upwards of Thirty Thousand Pounds.

SUBSCRIPTIONS received by the Proprietor, THOMAS MACKLIN, at the Poets' Gallery, Fleet-street; Messrs. EDWARDS and SONS, Booksellers, of Pall-mall and Halifax; and Mr. DILLY, Bookseller, in the Poultry,

PROPOSALS

FOR

MACKLIN'S BRITISH POETS.

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO
HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES,
AND ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MOST CELEBRATED
BRITISH POETS;

PARTICULARLY,

Chaucer,	Smith,	Goldsmith,
Skelton,	Phillips,	Gray,
Sydney,	Congreve,	Jago,
Spenser,	Rowe,	Johnson,
Shakespeare,	Addison,	Chatterton,
Drayton,	Pope,	Mason,
Johnson,	Swift,	Hayley,
Fletcher,	Gay,	Warton,
Maffinger,	Prior,	Jerningham,
Phineas Fletcher,	Parnell,	Cowper,
Milton,	Young,	Pinkerton,
Donne,	Collins,	Sargent,
Crashaw,	Hammond,	T. Swift,
Randolph,	Savage,	Burns,
Cowley,	Thomson,	Gregory,
Waller,	Mallet,	Williams,
Denham,	Ramfay,	Carter,
Butler,	Akenside,	Barbould,
Otway,	Armstrong,	Seward,
Dryden,	Cunningham,	More,
Southern,	Churchill,	Smith, &c.

CONDITIONS.

I. One hundred Pictures of the most interesting subjects, from the Poets of Great Britain, to be painted by the following Masters :

Sir Joshua Reynolds, President of the Royal Academy.

Mr. Artaud.

Mr. Barry, Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy,
and R. A.

Mr. Bigg.

Mr. Cofway, Painter to His Royal Highness the Prince
of Wales, and R. A.

Mrs. Cofway.

Mr. Fuseli.

Mr. Gainsborough, R. A.

Mr. Hamilton, R. A.

Mr. Harding.

Mr. Hoare.

Mrs. Angelica Kauffman, R. A.

Mr. Louthembourg, R. A.

Mr. Martin.

Mr. Nixon.

Mr. Opie, R. A.

Mr. Pocock, of *Bristol*.

Mr. Peters, R. A. whose Subjects, already engaged for,
are from *Milton*, and *Young*.

Mr. Rigaud, R. A.

Mr. Stothard.

Mr. West, Historical Painter to His Majesty, and R. A.

Mr. Wheatly, R. A.

And such others as may be found equal to this
Undertaking.

II. This work will be engraved from the before-mentioned Pictures, by Mr. BARTOLOZZI, his school, and other eminent artists.

III. The work will be published in numbers, each number containing Four Prints; with Letter-Press, explanatory of the subject, extracted from the writings of the respective poets: the size of each print to be eighteen inches by fourteen.

IV. The price, to Subscribers, Three Guineas; to Nonsubscribers, Four Guineas. Proofs, Six Guineas; and in Colours, Eight Guineas the Number.—Half the money to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder on delivery of each number.

V. The numbers shall be delivered in the order they are subscribed for.

VI. Two numbers will be published each year, till the design is completed.

II. This work will be engraved from the best specimens of the work, by the artist, and the plates will be engraved on copper.

III. The work will be published in numbers, each number containing four plates, with figures, and a description of the objects, together with the names of the respective parts, the size of each plate to be engraved in inches by four.

IV. The price to subscribers, in advance, to be paid in four instalments, of one instalment each, and in advance, by the artist, the first instalment, and the money to be paid at the time of delivery, and the remainder on delivery of the number.

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VI. Two numbers will be published each year, till the design is completed.

The PORTS' GALLERY, Fleet-street,
1792.

BUNBURY'S SHAKESPEARE;

DEDICATED, BY PERMISSION, TO

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

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BY *THOMAS MACKLIN*,

FOR PUBLISHING

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TO BE ENGRAVED FROM

A Collection of Drawings by W. H. Bunbury, Esq.

PRESENTED BY HIM TO

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THE Series to consist of Forty-eight Prints, which shall be engraved by the first Artists from the above Designs. Size 18 by 14 inches.

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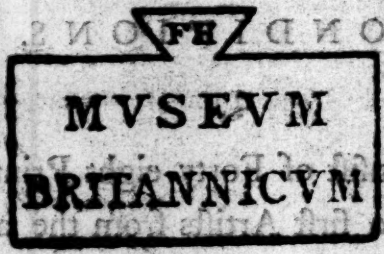
The price of each number £1 : 16 : 0 plain, or £3 : 12 : 0 in colours—Proofs £2 : 12 : 6 plain, £4 : 14 : 6 in colours—to be delivered in the order they are subscribed for.

IV
 One number to be paid for at the time of subscribing,
 and the same on the receipt of every number, until the
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The first number will be published early in 1792;
 and it is intended to deliver one number every Three
 Months, until the whole is completed.

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 BUNBURY, and a List of the Subscribers, will be given
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Mr. MACKLIN respectfully informs the Public, that a
 book is open for subscriptions to the above work at the
 POETS' GALLERY, Fleet-street.



II.
 The whole will be published in Twelve Numbers
 each to contain Four Prints.

III.
 The price of each number £1:10:0 plain, or £3
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